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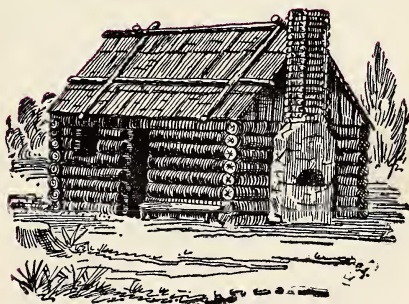
THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OLD SETTLERS *Association*

OF

JOHNSON COUNTY, *Iowa*



AUGUST 21st, 1902

IOWA CITY, IOWA

1902

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE OLD SETTLERS OF JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA.

AT THEIR ANNUAL REUNION, AUGUST 21, 1902

One year ago the pioneers braving the dust and undismayed by the awful drouth that then prevailed gathered in goodly numbers at their annual festival.

Today they met under exactly opposite conditions of weather, the dust was gone from the roads and in its place was mud. The parched sands of the long dried up creeks and streams had disappeared beneath the long continued flood. The then brown landscape is now clothed with an almost tropical growth of vegetation and despite the damaged crops, the broken trees and storm-torn buildings, there is promise of plenty and good times to come.

Owing to bad roads, high water, gone-off bridges and doubtful weather many were kept away.

At noon about five hundred had gathered and later in the day several hundred more arrived.

Promptly at 12 o'clock President R. P. Howell called the assembly to order, and the invocation was pronounced by Rev. DeWitt Clinton, of the Methodist church. Immediately after President Howell delivered the address of welcome, brief and to the point, inviting all present to partake of the sumptuous feast spread on the long tables beneath the shady apple trees.

After dinner all gathered at the speaker's stand. A. E. Swisher was introduced and spoke as follows:

THE PIONEER.

ADDRESS OF MR. SWISHER.

This generation is living what is called the "strenuous life." The boy at the age of a child tries to be and thinks he is a man full grown. The farmer requires the most expensive machinery, that the greatest amount of labor can be performed in the least possible

time, with the result of more money and more land. The merchant demands the largest and best selected stock and forces the same on the market in the least possible time. The politician is strenuous in the methods of securing nominations, capturing votes, mode of life, increased assessment of taxes to be paid by the people and in the distribution of the money that the treasury may be strenuously relieved. The laborer, who with his organized unions attempts to force higher wages, has adopted this life. Capital with its immense corporations, trusts and combinations is in the full tide of this life. Speculation is rife and touches almost all classes of our people. The nation, in its reach after commerce and in its colonization of new and foreign territory, has well in hand the present strenuous life.

What I have said is not for the purpose of criticism, nor is it for the purpose of the approval of this life. There is in it both good and bad. What I have said is more for the purpose of comparison.

How different the life of the pioneers of this county in the '30s and early '40s! Then, in the memory of some of us here, our neighbors were a tribe of Indians, whose city was in Jefferson and Monroe townships. There were no markets west of the Mississippi river, no grist mill nearer than Burlington. No fruit except that which grew wild. The most of the clothing was manufactured in the home by the loom and the spinning wheel. The ox and the lumber wagon were the means of travel. Money was almost an unknown quantity and most of this was "wild-cat." Then we had an abundance of distance. From my old home, set among the hills of Jefferson township, where so many sacred memories cluster, to Cedar Rapids (a distance of ten miles) but one house was passed—even after I was a boy large enough to "go to town" with my father. From our old home one might have gone northwest a thousand miles and would have been met only by Indians and buffaloes. The privations were many and great. The present generation will never experience such as they were and can hardly appreciate what they were.

But life in those days was not all privations. With the privations came the pleasures. All were then young, strong, self-reliant, independent. They were blessed with the spirit of the conqueror; they were here for the purpose of conquering the storm which swept down from the northwest, from the ocean of prairie, to subdue the forest, to reclaim the plains, to plant that others might water and gather the fruit. They were here for the purpose of organizing the church, of building the school house, of incorporating into the life of this good county good government and splendid civilization. To accomplish these things, they were all neighbors, one to another.

Their sympathies were great, their friendship was strong, their honesty rugged, their love abiding, and their happiness almost universal. These traits, desires, hopes and efforts in the pioneer life more than balanced the hardships and privations.

No one, who has not had experience, can know or appreciate the happiness that comes in the unselfish sympathy and friendship found in a pioneer settlement, the satisfaction there is in watching the development in the pioneer home, the building of the first school house, the organization of the first Sunday school, the incoming of the first train, of the "settler's" covered wagon, the settling of the "mover" on the tract of land adjoining the pioneer home. These are pleasures peculiar to the pioneer, which are ever prized in afterlife.

The building and development of a county in its resources, its education, its moral worth, influence and civilization, is not dissimilar to the construction of a great monument. The construction in the beginning, the foundation, must be substantial, solid, and well laid. The pioneers of this county were the constructors of the foundations of the present greatness and magnificence of this county which, for wealth, education, moral worth and political influence combined, has no superior in this matchless state of ours. The strength of the foundation is sufficient to support the weight of all future construction.

In this foundation there has been moulded the rugged granite life of such men as Wray, DeVault, Brown, Adams, McCrory, Howell, Dennis, Sanders, Dixon, Williams, Parvin, Stover, Borland, Henderson, Cavanagh, Colony, Johnson, Wieneke, Hess, Sheperd, Gower, Davis, Coldren, Dey, Finkbine, Fairall, Robinson, Patterson, Irish, Clark, Haddock, Ransom, Edmunds and many others I cannot mention, but not forgetting that rugged giant, S. J. Kirkwood. These were solid granite slabs of the best of human life, which cemented together have builded with great strength the foundation of the greatness of this county.

The latter generation has well recognized the splendid service of the pioneer in the beginning of the construction, and has continued the good building until this county has been changed from a beautiful expanse of forest and plain, sweetened with the fragrance of the sweet William and honeysuckle, the plumb and crabapple, rich in berries and wild fruit, roamed over by the deer and buffalo, storm-swept by flood and blizzard, until now it is a county densely populated, wonderfully rich in its resources, renowned for its schools and university, strong in its influence in state and nation, with a people progressive, honest, intellectual, and moral.

We, today, have much to be thankful for and are justly proud of our position, but the building of the great destiny of this county has but just begun. The builders of the future must be strong, capable, moral and just men if there be no unsound and weak places, when the destiny of the county is fully completed. This will be so, as humanity is ever growing better and more capable.

Such days as this are full of the most genuine pleasure. It is, at least partially, a renewing of the unselfish love and sympathy that was ever present in pioneer life. The great majority of the pioneers have fought their rugged, hard and successful fight, have earned their reward, have crossed the great river and have entered the longer and greater life beyond. If honesty, integrity, love and sympathy make that river narrow and shallow and easy of transit, then these strong and good pioneers have crossed safely over, their boat has sailed over a smooth sea and is safely anchored upon the shore of that wonderful existence beyond.

Rev. S. N. Fellows was then introduced and delivered a very pleasing address. Lieutenant Webb Henderson of Jefferson, Iowa, followed Dr. Fellows with a talk of the people and times gone by. After the remarks of Mr. Henderson John Springer read the following report of the necrological committee:

REPORT OF THE NECROLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

The necrological list of the year 1901-1902 is long and includes many well known and dearly loved names; names of those who were conspicuous and honored in this society from its foundation, who were eligible as members upon its first organization, when a requisite was citizenship or at least residence in the county before the year 1843. Think for a moment how few there be who could now claim membership under such a limitation. These were of the chosen Argonauts who crossed the great river and claimed their homes upon the almost unknown prairies, while the infant state to be was yet in its territorial swaddling clothes. How few remain of the old settlers who were a part of that slender tide that came before 1840, who can recall the incidents that surrounded the early settlement of what is now the fairest portion of Iowa. How few yet remain who saw the laying of the corner stone of the capital, a little more than sixty-two years ago. Some of those whose names follow in this long roll were among the first builders of the city, but more were those whose labors turned the prairies into fields and gardens. They hold indeed

the distinction of pioneers for it is by their favor that we succeed them and this association is lengthened on with the years. It was by their consent that the years required for eligibility of membership were advanced, until now those who came as children when they were gray-haired may participate in the pleasant associations they first founded and may claim a heritage in their works.

In so long a list compiled from so many sources and in so short a time, it is impossible to render to each the need of mention that we would wish to give did time permit. And aside from brevity the same causes have operated in even greater degree to the bringing about of errors of omission and of commission. These are especially likely to have occurred in dates, and though several have kindly given assistance there is too much reason to fear that many yet remain for correction, before this paper shall be prepared for a place in the archives of the society.

In this number there are a few names on which we have specially dwelt for the reason that they were closely identified with the formation and the subsequent growth of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County. All these were members of the formal organization in 1866, when Samuel H. McCrory was elected as the first president of the society. He was one of the signers of the first constitution, as were Sylvanus Johnson and Samuel J. Hess, and Isaac Bowen.

Sylvanus Johnson was, indeed, one of the builders of Iowa City. He came here in 1839 in response to Governor Lucas' call for volunteers to engage in the "State Line War" then threatened with Missouri, having enlisted a number of men in Jones county where he had settled the preceding year. He arrived in Iowa City, penniless and in debt for his dinner, to find that the war was over. Those of you who were here in 1839 will recall that the city was then very new. There was not a brick house in the coming capital, and Mr. Johnson was a brick maker. In 1840 he opened the first brick yard and on the 5th day of April of that year with his own hands moulded the first brick for the store building erected on Iowa Avenue just west of Dubuque street. From that day until the infirmities of age compelled his retirement from affairs he was one of the best known of your citizens. From his brick yard came the materials for the walls of the old Mechanics' Academy, store buildings, the inner walls of the old capitol building, the early churches and school houses, and the adornment of brick chimneys for the more ambitious of the pioneers who were dissatisfied with clay and sticks. He has so recently passed away that he is yet fresh in the

memory of all the early settlers. His name will long be perpetuated in his old home, for on the map of Iowa City the site of his pioneer brick yard bears the name of "Johnson's Out Lot." While his health permitted, he delighted in these reunions of the pioneers and to meet again those who had been his associates when Iowa City was little more than a name and its future but a vision. As a pioneer and as a citizen he wrought a grandly noble and honorable work and his manly record will for years to come do honor among those of his compeers in the early settlement and development of Iowa.

Elizabeth P. McCloud was born at Worthington, Ohio, January 1st, 1823. When a girl of seventeen she came to Iowa City, then on the frontier of civilization, and in the springtime of the following year became the wife of that sterling young pioneer Samuel H. McCrory. They met and overcame all the perils and privations that were borne by the early settlers, and beside their own cares they aided in bearing those of others. For in all this part of Iowa there was no more hospitable home than that of the McCrorys, and no hands were more quickly extended in aid of charity, nor were any hearts more tender in sympathy or in sharing the trials that belonged to early life in the west. Mr. McCrory was a leader in the growing affairs of the city and of the state; he was the first and indeed the only secretary of the Claim Association that secured to the pioneer the home of his choice, and the record that still remains, written in the old log home, is the most valuable record that remains of the first home building of the state. He was the first choice of the county as a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1844, and was a member of the state legislature while the capitol was yet located at Iowa City. In all the affairs of life he found in his wife a grand and willing helpmate, one whose counsel was clear and whose spirit was strong. Her home was one where happiness dwelt and made glad all who crossed its threshold. She was an early member of this association, and while her strength permitted was constant in attendance upon its annual meetings, where she rejoiced in again meeting those who had been her friends and companions through more than half a century, who with her had seen the growth and greatness of the chosen land.

In 1839 Wm. B. Snyder, coming from Ohio, made his home in what is now Scott township, where his name is perpetuated in Snyder Creek. With him were two girls, who coming to Iowa together filled out long and splendid lives, dying within a few months of each other, and within but a short distance of where their lives had been passed. One was his daughter, Margaret, who became the

wife of Samuel J. Hess; the other, his niece, Susan Williams, who soon after coming was married to a strong young pioneer, Isaac Bowen. Sixty-three years during which they lived almost in sight of Iowa City has wrought a mighty transformation, and in this work they had a great part. The wife and the mother is the builder of the home in a great measure, and when you recall the pioneer women whose names are on the list read here today, such names as Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Hess, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. McCrory, and others, you will see that the work they wrought was one of honor and glory to the state. Their names are held in honor and especially is that true here on this occasion. You, who for half a century were their companions and their friends, who shared with them the dangers and the narrow circumstances of early years, who rejoiced with them in prosperity, shared their sorrow and lightened their grief when the death angel stood at the door, and who today do honor to their noble lives, can better estimate their worth than we who belong to another generation and hear but as a tale that is told the history of sixty years ago. But we at least know that without these noble, loving, great-hearted, Christian women, Iowa would not have been nor be to-day what it is. Not all of their lives is history. Much of them is with us, and their influence for good will yet abide for years and many years.

Mrs. Mary Welton Lathrop, when a bride of a month, came to Iowa from her New York home in May, 1847. While her coming was later than that of many of the pioneers, it is not to be thought that there were then no trials, or that the state had taken on the dignities that now mark it among the commonwealths. Iowa City was yet new, and the young bride had her full share of toil and privation in the making of a home. Her husband was a man of many resources, for he taught school, edited a newspaper, made his farm, and bore a conspicuous part in the affairs of the new city. Yet to one ideal he was ever constant and that was to his own home, and there he found a love and devotion that made it the dearest place on earth. Were the pioneers more attached to their homes than are we? The trials and the sufferings they endured to make them might lead us to think such was the case. Mrs. Lathrop, like the other women of the first settlement who have passed away during the year now closed, was known to most of you, and while she had long passed the allotted three score and ten years, her death comes as a great sorrow to all hearts, for she and her husband had been so actively and earnestly identified with the organization and progress of this association that it seems almost as a parting with one who held an honored place at each home circle. We know the merit of her work was great and we bring the chaplet of memory's treasures to her tomb.

AUGUST, 1901.

Wm. Boettcher, Sharon township, 69 years; came about 1850.
 Mrs. Jacob Zimmerman, Lincoln township, 65 years; came about 1870.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

John Verba, Solon, 93 years; came in 1852.
 Joseph S. Lodge, Iowa City, 78 years; came from Ohio in 1852.
 Mrs. Annie Stach, Iowa City, 81 years; came from Germany about 1868.
 Bascom Mason, Penn township, 71 years; came from Pennsylvania about 1868. He was a veteran of the war of the rebellion.
 Patrick Holland, Oxford, 70 years; came about 1868.
 Lewis Doty, Oxford, 76 years; came about 1852.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, Pleasant Valley, 86 years; came in 1856.
 Henry Wachenfeldt, Iowa City, 50 years; came 1867.

OCTOBER, 1901.

Mrs. Barbara Stagg, Iowa City, 65 years; came in 1867.
 W. H. Shipman, West Liberty, 76 years; was a long time resident of Iowa City, leaving here some years ago.
 Mrs. Anna Ebert, Iowa City, 74 years.
 James McGuan, St. Louis, 37 years, born in Iowa City.
 John W. Slemmons, Scott township; came in 1870.
 Benjamin Beard, Scott township, 50 years; born in this county.
 Mrs. Henry Lininger, Penn township, 35 years; born in the county.
 James Havlik, Iowa City, 52 years; came about 1860.
 Joseph Lasheck, Iowa City; died in Denver, 35 years old.
 Thos. Jordan, Iowa City, 33 years; born in the city.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

Mrs. Margaret Huskins Devoe, Lone Tree, 72 years; came about 1858.
 Mrs. E. C. Nichols, West Liberty; born in Iowa City.
 Wm. G. Marshall, died at Glyndon, Minnesota.
 Adam Kramer, Iowa City, about 75 years; retired U. S. army officer.

Miss Mary E. Lyon, Solon, 86 years; came to Iowa about 1836, and to the county in 1839; sister to Mrs. Eben Adams.

Miss Lizzie Williams, Tiffin, 60 years; came about 1852.

Mrs. Catharine Knierem, Iowa City, 71 years.

Mrs. J. C. Leasure, Iowa City, 47 years; born in Iowa.

Mrs. Margaret Rice, Iowa City.

Mrs. Henry W. Lathrop, Iowa City, 81 years; came from New York in 1847.

DECEMBER, 1901.

Mrs. Mary Maher, Cedar township, 95 years came; to the county in 1853; was its oldest resident at the time of her death.

Mrs. Mary K. Ingalls, Iowa City, 61 years; came about 1878.

Peter Jacobs, Sharon, 73 years; came about 1866; veteran soldier.

Mrs. Fred. Roegle, Scott township, 35 years; born in the county.

Wm. C. McConnell, Iowa City, 70 years; came in 1861; veteran soldier.

Harvey Ward, a former resident, died at Kansas City, aged 70 years.

Wm. H. Stoner, Penn township, 54 years; came from Pennsylvania in 1852.

Mrs. Samuel J. Hess, Iowa City, 70 years; came from Ohio in 1839.

Colonel John Pattee, former resident of the city, died at the Soldiers' Home, Brookings, S. D., aged 82 years. He had filled many important positions in civil and in army life, and of state and national prominence. Came to Iowa City in 1851. Served in 41st regiment.

Mrs. Margaret McCormick, 80 years; she died in Chicago, but was a resident of this city from 1854 to 1871.

Matthew Truman Trotter, Greenfield, Ia., 58 years.

J. A. Smith, 58 years, died at Beatrice, Neb.; was a resident of Iowa City from 1856 to 1879, and for many years engaged in business here.

During the year, date not known, T. C. Joslyn, many years a resident and business man of this city, died at his home in California.

JANUARY, 1902.

Samuel Green, Penn township, 55 years, born in this county.

Sylvanus Johnson, Iowa City, 87 years; came from Connecticut in 1839.

Orrin Andrews, Morse, 77 years; came from Pennsylvania in 1838.

Chas. Andrews, Morse, 40 years; born in the county; son of the foregoing. Father and son both dying on the same day.

Mrs. Jacob Kramer, Iowa City, 62 years; she lived in the county over fifty years.

Owen Cawley, Iowa City, 80 years; came from Ireland about 1860.

Samuel Hanke, Iowa City, 81 years; came to the state from Germany in 1855 and to this city in 1867.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Ricker, Scott township, 71 years; came to the county in 1856.

Charles W. Hobart, former resident of Iowa City, died in Tacoma, Wash.

John Griffin, Hardin township, 63 years.

R. Grissell, Solon.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, West Lucas, 77 years; came from Pennsylvania in 1867.

Geo. W. Lewis, West Lucas, 88 years; came to the county in 1864.

Geo. W. Watson, Clear Creek, 82 years; came from Ohio in 1854.

John C. Wolz, Iowa City, 76 years; came in 1858.

Titus R. Fry, Iowa City, 91 years; came to county from Ohio in 1842.

Mrs. W. A. Cisne, Iowa City, 41 years; born in the county.

W. R. Ogle, Iowa City, 77 years; lived in the county about 40 years.

Mrs. Lucina Stone, Iowa City; came from Ohio.

Mrs. Ellen Brierton, died in New York aged 70 years. She had lived in this county about 40 years, removing only a short time before death.

Mrs. Anna Freeman, Iowa City, 74 years; came to the city about 1850.

Mrs. Peter Klein, West Lucas, 41 years.

Mrs. Dennis Lynch, Iowa City, 81 years; came here about 1876.

Mrs. Anna Sibel, Iowa City, 49 years.

Rev. Francis Emerson Judd, at Portland, Ore., 75 years; and during this month, Rev. Oscar Clute at Los Angeles, Cal., aged about 70 years. Rev. Judd had in former years been the rector of Trinity church of this city, and afterwards was a missionary of the church in many of the counties of the state, making his home mainly in Marshalltown, but often visiting in this city, where he was held in loving estimation by many of the pioneers. Rev. Clute came to this city as minister of the Unitarian church in 1878 and remained about six years. Both of these clergymen died at about

the same time far from the scene of their most active field of labor, which was in this state.

MARCH, 1902.

Wm. Weekes, Washington township, 86 years; came from England about 1852.

John U. Miller, Iowa City, 55 years; came in 1862; a veteran soldier.

Dr. James Murphy, Iowa City, 39 years; born in the county.

Mrs. Henry Carson, West Lucas, 73 years.

Henry Mueller, Iowa City, 89 years; came in 1854.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCrory, 79 years; came from Ohio in 1840.

David Collins, Iowa City, 63 years; came to the county in 1859.

Mrs. Rose Purcell, Fremont township, 43 years; born in the county.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wood Kauffman, Iowa City, 73 years; came from Dayton, Ohio, where she was born and lived five years after her marriage to L. Kauffman; came to this city in 1854. Mr. Kauffman died in 1891.

Mrs. Jacob Koenigheim, Iowa City, 82 years.

APRIL, 1902.

Dr. W. D. Middleton, Davenport, 58 years; came as professor in the medical department of the University in 1867; a veteran of the war.

Mrs. Isabella Waldron, died at Whiting, 72 years; came about 1850.

Edward S. Lloyd, 42 years; born in the county; home at Remsen, died while visiting at his old home.

Richard J. Lee, Iowa City, 35 years; came in 1877.

Otho C. Jewett, many years resident there; died at Deadwood, S. D.

John Tirkel, Solon, 74 years; came to county in 1857.

John P. Jones, Iowa City, 57 years; came to the county in 1869.

John W. Teefy, Iowa City, 90 years.

MAY, 1902.

Joseph Maher, 42 years; died in Chicago.

Mrs. Margaret Marvin Hebard, 72 years; former resident of Iowa City, died in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

William W. Tucker, Iowa City, 90 years.

Thomas Rees, Union township, 84 years.

Mrs. Julia Ann Hemsworth, 77 years; died in Chicago.

Michael Goss, Iowa City, 76 years; came in 1857.

John P. Orcutt, Iowa City, 74 years; came from Connecticut in 1852.

Joseph B. Dennison, Penn township, 87 years; came from Ohio in 1839. Mr. Dennison was the first settler of Penn township and from his coming until his death had lived on the same farm. He turned the first furrow in that large and fertile settlement now known as "The Bend," and built the first cabin in the township.

JUNE 1902.

Mrs. Salem Beard, Iowa City, 35 years; came from Tennessee in 1884.

Mrs. Helen Caspar, Iowa City, 76 years.

John H. Cray, Fremont township, 62 years; came from New Jersey in 1857.

George B. Cropley, Clear Creek township, 29 years; born in Madison township.

J. F. Lawyer, Solon, 45 years.

Jacob Houck, Hardin township, 52 years.

Rice Thomas, Union township, 90 years.

Mrs. John Cusack, Hardin township.

Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, Iowa City, 81 years; came to the county in 1852.

Daniel Sullivan, Iowa City, 81 years; came to the county in 1853.

Mrs. Susan P. Bowen, Iowa City, 78 years; came from Ohio, 1839.

Mrs. Joseph Smith, died at Anadarko, O. T. A former resident of Oxford.

JULY, 1902.

Mrs. Agnes Rabenau, Iowa City, 68 years; came from Germany in 1853.

Joseph O'Brien, Oxford, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Louise Albrecht, Iowa City, aged 91 years; came in 1843 from Germany.

Mrs. Jacob Lininger, Penn township.

Peter Williams, Oxford township, 56 years; came from Ohio.

Mrs. Fannie Ransom, Iowa City, 93 years; came from New York in 1860.

Mrs. Sarah Abrams, Iowa City, 79 years; came in 1866.

Adam H. Mueller, Iowa City, 67 years; came to Iowa City in 1855; veteran of the civil war.

Rev. F. H. Chamberlin, Iowa City, 34 years.

Mrs. Veronica Kotas, 74 years, died at Tipton; came here in 1861.

Adam Kneise, Scott township, 73 years; came to the county in 1868.

Henry S. Welton, died at Lewiston, Ills., aged about 75 years. His home was at Mt. Auburn, Iowa. He came to Iowa City in 1855 and for three years filled the professorship of ancient languages in the State University. Upon retiring from this position he engaged in business as a merchant and was quite successful. He was a very capable and scholarly man and held in high esteem by those who knew him. As a teacher, a merchant and a citizen he filled a large place in the earlier history of the city.

Peter Hughes, Sharon township, 86 years; came to the county in 1844, walking from Muscatine. After some years stay he returned to Chicago, where he married and again came here to make his permanent home in 1852.

AUGUST, 1902.

Mrs. C. B. Cox, East Lucas, 73 years; came to the county in 1875.

The committee read letters from absent ones as follows:

LETTERS.

SUTHERLAND, IOWA, AUGUST 19, 1902.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS FOR JOHNSON
COUNTY OLD SETTLERS REUNION:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Your kind invitation to the reunion on the 22d inst. is truly appreciated and nothing could give us at this time greater pleasure than to be able to accept the invitation and meet you face to face; but the way is not clear for us to do so and we must smother our disappointment with the hope that another year will find us able to meet the dear old friends of Johnson county at their annual reunion.

It is forty-one years ago this month since we left Iowa City. Up to that time Dr. Woods with his wife and ten children were all living there. The time soon came however when they were widely separated never to meet again on earth. Father Woods was the first to pass away, dying at Camp Nelson, Ky., where he was stationed as chaplain of the camp in 1864. Since then his wife, three sons,

and two daughters have followed him. Those still living are Lorida Cones, of Council Bluffs, Ia.; Eudora White, of Atlantic, Ia.; Martha Sylvester, of Washington, D. C.; Virginia Morgan, of New York City; and William Houston, of this county, who as I write is seated on a vine-wreathed veranda where many of the scores of people who daily pass wave him a pleasant salute. It is thirty-three years since we settled on the farm where we now live—truly pioneers here. There were not more than fifty persons in the county when we came. A fine town nestled beside us and for twenty years we have had the advantage of both town and country. The latch string is ever on the outside for the old settlers of Johnson county or their children and a hearty welcome awaits any who will come. Wishing you a delightful day and many returns of the same we are gratefully yours,

MR. AND MRS. HUSE WOODS.
PER MRS. WOODS.

DULUTH, MINN., AUG. 20, 1902.

A. E. SWISHER, M. CAVANAGH, MILTON REMLEY,
COMMITTEE.

DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend the annual picnic of the old settlers of Johnson county. I would like very much to be with you, but I am so closely occupied that I cannot.

The acquaintances of long ago are closer than one realizes, except when the sense of separation is awakened by some such touching invitations as the one you were kind enough to extend me.

It is a quarter of a century since I left Iowa City, but its name will always be a thrill of pleasant recollections to me.

I remember you all, and send kindest greetings.

C. B. KING.

SAC CITY, IOWA, AUG. 18, 1902.

A. E. SWISHER, MILTON REMLEY AND OTHERS.
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the old settlers picnic in Johnson county. Am very sorry that I cannot attend this year, for it would afford me a great deal of pleasure to meet with the old time friends and acquaintances and hope to meet with you in the near future. I was in Johnson county a few hours this summer, and was surprised and saddened to find that so many of the pioneers had gone to their rest.

Very truly,
J. W. SCOTT.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, AUG. 16, 1902.

A. E. SWISHER, ESQ.,
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DEAR SIR: Your kind favor of the 14th inst. to hand, extending an invitation to the annual picnic of the old settlers of Johnson county.

I should like to attend the festivities and meet old friends again, but owing to the fact that I have been confined to the house for several weeks past with sickness, and have not as yet fully recovered, it will be impossible for me to be with you.

With kind regards to all inquiring, and thanking you for the invitation,

I remain, respectfully yours,
PETER MUSSER.

DES MOINES, IOWA, AUG. 20, 1902.

A. E. SWISHER,
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DEAR SIR: Your invitation to my brothers and myself to attend the meeting of the old settlers of Johnson county came duly to hand. It will be impossible for any of us to get away at this time.

We thank you very much for the invitation, and sincerely trust that you will have a royal good time.

Yours truly,
W. O. FINKBINE.

DES MOINES, IOWA, AUG. 23, 1902.

MR. A. E. SWISHER, ET AL.,
COMMITTEE OLD SETTLERS, JOHNSON COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN: Please accept my thanks for the courtesy of an invitation to attend the meeting of the old settlers of Johnson county, Iowa, on the 21st instant. Unfortunately I did not receive it in time to adjust my business so as to attend, but I assure you that I appreciate the courtesy.

Very truly yours,
JAMES G. BERRYHILL.

LAWRENCE, KAN., AUG. 21, 1902.

MR. A. E. SWISHER,
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DEAR FRIEND: For some reason your favor of the 14th did not reach me for several days after it was mailed. For years it has been my desire to visit my old home. The press of business with a little politics as a side issue, to say nothing of public office, and

other cares have prevented. Kindly think of me next year a little earlier thus giving me notice in time, and I will make special effort to meet with the old settlers.

Kindly remember me to Mr. Cavanagh, Mr. Remley and other friends. With best wishes, Yours truly,

J. D. BOWERSOCK.

After the reading of the letters and reports a business meeting was held. The report of Henry Wieneke was read showing the amount received during the year past to be \$51.57 and the amount disbursed \$50.19 and a balance on hand of \$1.40. The report of the treasurer was approved and ordered spread upon the record.

W. H. Buchanan of Solon, was elected president for the coming year and Isaac Weber, of Sharon, vice-president; A. E. Swisher, of Iowa City, 2nd vice-president; L. W. Miller of Pleasant Valley, 3d vice-president; G. R. Irish of East Lucas, secretary, and Henry J. Wieneke, treasurer.

Mr. Springer improved the opportunity of taking a picture of the old cabins surrounded by a number of Johnson county pioneers. One of the features of the sumptuous dinner was the coffee prepared by Mrs. Metzger, who proved to the satisfaction of all present that the art of making coffee is not confined to Ed. Sheppard or Frank Luce. The beverage of her production has never been excelled and rarely equalled.

Another item of comment was a sign, a half century old, of Dr. W. Reynolds. This was obtained from Chas. Weber and placed on the log cabin where it was viewed with interest by old timers.

The following is a list of old settlers present: J. E. Adams, L. A. Allen, J. L. Adams, Geo. T. Borland, Geo. W. Bale, Thomas Brubaker, Martin J. Burge, Alonzo E. Brown, Anthony Beuter, W. H. Buchanan, Edward Balluff, Dr. A. J. Burge, John Brady, Chas. Baker, Eugene A. Ballard, Stephen Bradley, Calvin Curtis, C. E. Clifford, J. N. Clark, W. D. Cannon, Sr., Thomas C. Carson, A. N. Currier, Samuel Calvin, Matthew Cavanagh, Earl Custer, David M. Dixon, Lorimer Douglas, Byron Dalton, Nicholas Dalscheidt, T. D. Davis, George A. Deal, Byron Dennis, John Eggenberger, Rev. Stephen N. Fellows, Charles Francis, Sam. P. Fry, Mrs. Sam. P. Fry, S. H. Fairall, John Greulich, Ralph P. Howell, David H. Hastings, Lemuel Hunter, Frederic W. Hemsted, Oliver C. Hill, Mrs. Teresa Hohenschuh, George Hunter, Sion Hill, W. J. Huff and wife, Ramsey Hevern, Samuel J. Hess, John R. Hughes, Virgil

Hartsock, A. R. Hedges, Hezekiah Hamilton, August Hasselhorst, D. W. Henderson, G. R. Irish, David W. Jones, Stephen Jacob, John E. Jayne, R. A. Kean, M. Kessler, J. Kramer, G. W. Koontz, W. A. Kettlewell and wife, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, C. A. Lucas, Garret Lancaster, J. J. Lee, Ellen Langenberg, Lewis A. Langenberg, J. J. Metzger, J. J. McKray, C. G. Moore, Bruce Moore, Inez G. Moore, L. W. Miller, Geo. McGruder, John J. Miller, Thos. Metcalf, Albert Miller, Mary L. Miller, Phillip Miller, J. G. Marner, W. H. Miller, J. W. Morford, John McCollister, Benj. Owen, Frank A. Parrott, James Poland, Chas. Pratt, Geo. W. Pinney, James T. Robinson, Jacob Roessler, B. M. Robertson, Jacob Ricker, D. A. Reese, F. X. Rittenmeyer and wife, Leroy Rundel, Mrs. C. M. Riley, A. A. Roessler, C. F. Robinson, Mrs. E. A. Hunter, Wm. T. Sweet, Abraham Swisher, Zachariah Smith and wife, Geo. W. Swords, F. A. Stratton, J. Y. Stover, C. H. Stahle, Anthony Stahle, P. J. Stahle, J. E. Switzer, J. F. Shepherd, Jno. Springer, Fred Schneider, David Stewart, Christian Senner, John Stevens, Frank Stackman, J. W. Schell, Jno. C. Shrader, Jno. A. Stevenson, George Schlenck, Miss Hannah Ten Eyck, Hiram Toms, J. Peter Von Stine, J. P. Von Stine, Jr., Henry J. Wieneke, Henry Walker and wife, Sarah Wilson, Emory Westcott, Isaac S. Weber, Edna B. Wilson, Joseph Walker, James S. Wilson, Naomi Workman, Finette Schley.

The following and many others, although not registered, were also on the grounds: J. K. Strawbridge, Mrs. Peter Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson, Mrs. C. W. Irish, Mrs. G. R. Irish, Miss Elizabeth Irish, Miss J. T. Irish, Mrs. H. H. Kerr, Julius Hill and wife, Jane Hill, Mrs. H. D. Summer, Mrs. F. A. Stratton, Lester McKray, Mrs. Jas. McKray, Mrs. E. F. Rate, Miss Lucy Hemsted, Miss Annie Hope, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hope, Mrs. Alonzo Brown. Mrs. Emory Westcott, Misses Jane and Emory Westcott, Miss Mary Von Stine, Miss Ella M. Borts, Mrs. C. W. Borts, Mrs. H. J. Wieneke, Mrs. A. W. Bradley, Mrs. Frank Parrott, Misses A. and E. Wilson, Mrs. H. H. Abrams and daughter, Wm. Andrews, Miss Nettie Hill, Mrs. Olive Jackson, Edwin Hill and daughter, Mrs. Green Hill, L. P. Kessler, Mrs. John Springer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Springer, Charles Sheldady and wife, Mrs. Goody, Thomas Cox, Robert Simpson, Mrs. C. Senner, Mrs. S. A. Sunier, F. Albright, Miss Josephine Eicher, Miss Kate Hohenschuh, Mrs. M. Leonard, Mrs. Geo. Wright, Mrs. Jno. Ellson, Mrs. A. T. Calkins, Mrs. B. Swafford, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. R. A. Kean, Mrs. Nancy Stevenson, Mrs. Geo. W. Koontz, Mrs. E. A. Ballard, Mrs. Hortense Stillings, Miss Lydia McKray, Mrs. R. P. Howell, Mr. Warren, Wm. Pratt, wife and daughter,

Sam. C. Jones, Mrs. D. H. Hastings, Mrs. J. Y. Stover, Mrs. Fanny Barnes.

I find the two following papers in the papers belonging to the association, they are worthy of a place in our publications. Mr. Hyde died in Davenport, May 15, 1899, and Mrs. Hyde died there Dec. 5, 1900.

HOW THE FIRST FARMERS LABORED.

There are many former residents of Scott county residing in Johnson county, some of whom were early settlers of the first named, and there is probably not one of them who does not know Andrew J. Hyde and his estimable wife personally or by reputation. After more than fifty years residence on their Pleasant Valley farm, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, among the earliest and most highly respected of Scott county's pioneers, removed to Davenport, in which city they will undoubtedly reside until the final summons shall reach them.

The subjoined from the Davenport Democrat, will be found to possess much interest to the old settlers of Johnson county, whose memories of pioneer days correspond to a large extent with those here furnished, and to their children as well.

"Yes," said Andrew J. Hyde, the Scott county pioneer, "I have seen dry summers in Iowa before, but I never saw a drought that was on in full force as early in the summer as this one is."

Mr. Hyde was sitting on the porch of his pleasant residence on Arlington Avenue as he spoke. He came to it from his farm in Pleasant Valley something less than a year ago, determined to spend his declining days in comfort in the city. After so many years in the country, town life has hardly fitted itself to him at all points as yet, but he is getting used to it, and at the same time improving in health. He has been almost an invalid for some time and many another man not blest with his cheerful disposition and his unchanging determination to look on the bright side of things, would have been flat on his back a good deal of the time. It is Mr. Hyde's belief that a good laugh comes nearer being a panacea than any remedy in all the pharmacopeia.

"I don't know why we should have had these several years of drought in succession," said Mr. Hyde, "but I know what I think about it. I think we have contributed to this condition by over-draining with tile."

"When I came here in 1836 the land was new. It had never been touched, and had never grown any crop but the prairie grass, the hazel brush, and the forest. It was said then by all of us who had come from the east, where the land was under pretty thorough cultivation and where it had been cultivated for many years, that this soil had a wonderful capacity for standing drouth. We had dry seasons then. They opened out on us later in the year, but they gave us a good chance to test the land in this way. Since then the ground here has been altered. Continual cropping, and much of it with no effort to restore the fertility which has been taken off the land and hauled to market in sacks has sapped the vitality off the soil. It does not have the ability to resist drouth as it once did.

"This much for that ground that lies high, and that has never been drained, or in need of it. As for the sloughs and hollows and damp spots, all over Iowa, eastern and central Iowa especially, we have got rid of them. They used to grow a big crop of high rank slough grass. Its roots matted together and held water like a sponge. One of these sloughs would hold water in soak through a long dry spell. It would drain out slowly, forming a little stream through a long dry season; watering the stock along a little valley and helping to keep the creeks and rivers running. It also helped to form clouds by furnishing water for evaporation, and we had more in those days. We had all our farms so fixed in these days that the rain run off them in a very short time, and they are left as dry as ever. They don't hold the moisture as they used to do. I regarded those sloughs of former days as valuable features of our farming land, and I now think, more than ever, that we made a mistake when we went to work and drained them all. Some of them might have been profitably drained, perhaps, but to get rid of them all was not a good policy. It is a hard matter now to find a farm that has a slough on it, at least on our uplands. There were plenty of them forty years ago, and I think we had a better soil and climate then because of them."

Mr. Hyde recalled a number of climatic phenomena of the past half century in this part of the country. Adverting to the famous "cold winter" of 1842, mentioned in a recent interview in this paper with his old friend Adam Donaldson, he told of the stress of weather

the settlers suffered that year. It has been a meteorological landmark for them, a sort of low temperature gauge by which they have compared all their seasons since.

That fall of 1842, Mr. Hyde says, was one of the finest he ever saw. Looking back at it now through the haze of over half a century, he is sure he never saw such autumn weather as it gave this part of the country. The days were perfect dreams of delight, and each one of them for weeks together seemed the peer of the days that had preceded it.

But on the 9th day of November, rather an early date now for winter to begin, a rain commenced. It rained a day or so, and then the wind shifted to the southwest and snow began to fall, and with it came wind and tempest, and this delightful state of affairs continued for about ten days without interruption. The wind-up of it was a spell of bitter cold that old settlers recall now with a shudder. There was much of suffering among them, and their live stock had much to do to keep alive, for most farmers then were very poorly provided with shelter for their animals, and some had barely any at all.

The John Shaw, a big steamer for these waters in those early days, had come up the river, and in the low water that resulted from the long dry autumn, it got hard aground near the mouth of Duck creek. Two young men were left on it to watch and care for it till it could be floated off by a rise. One of them was Levi Chamberlain, father of Attorney Wm. M. Chamberlain of this city today. The John Shaw was still on the rocks when the blizzard caught her, and she staid there through it. Ice made rapidly, and she was soon in the grip of the river, hard and fast. The cold became so intense that these two watchers aboard of her used up all their fuel in a vain effort to maintain comfortable temperature, and when it was gone they found themselves forced to turn to and burn the steamer. That is they removed such portion of her woodwork as were least essential and fired them into the stove, until the ice had grown solid enough to let them get off. It took a lot of fuel to fight the cold out of the thinly-partitioned apartments of the boat in that awful wind, and a large amount of carpenter work was needed on her next spring.

The corn in those days grew like a small forest. Mr. Hyde well recalls the unusual height it reached that year, and how a short man might almost need a ladder to reach the ears, according to the tall stories told to doubting friends back east. The snowfall was so heavy, however, that the fields were level with it at about the height

of the ears, and the prairie chickens, which were about as thick in the country then as English sparrows are in town now, could walk over the crust in fields and eat corn at their own sweet will. It was all so unexpected that no corn had been gathered, and when the big storm was over the farmers found their hogs and other animals almost without provision, and the corn crop in the embrace of the winter in such a way that it seemed almost impossible to unlock it. It was impossible to drive a team into a corn field in such snow, and the corn was gathered only by driving up along a field where the snow was shallow enough to permit it, unhitching the horse, and then wading about in the snow shoulder-deep, dragging a bag, and slowly and painfully filling it with corn, wading back to the sled to dump it when a bagful had been gathered in this fashion. It was a kind of corn husking that this state has probably seen nothing of since. In January came a thaw, as related by Mr. Donaldson, and it took off the snow, laid bare the ground which was hardly more than frozen under all that white blanket, and killed the beautiful green winter wheat dead.

Mr. Hyde regards his crop of spring wheat, grown in 1837, as the first grown in this county. Thirty bushels and more of this grain was not an uncommon yield to the acre in those days, and Mr. Hyde recalls fall wheat that ran 50 bushels to the acre. Those days are now long past. A fifth of that yield on many fields would be a fair crop now, if any effort were made to raise wheat here at all.

The farmer of this day knows nothing whatever of the hard work the early farmer here had to do to put in, cultivate and save a crop.

"In those days," said Mr. Hyde, "we made our own plows. We got the share and landside at the blacksmith's, and we made the rest of it ourselves. A white-oak tree with the right crook in it was hewn and shaved out to form the mouldboard, and the share and landside were bolted to it. A sapling made the beam, and the limbs or saplings of the right crook were smoothed out to make the handles. I broke a beam out one time by running afoul a redroot, which was one of the toughest things we encountered in our fields then. I left the team standing, went right into the woods near at hand, and cut a sapling of the right length and size, and put it into place right there, and went on plowing, and all with no great loss of time. I wonder if there is a farmer in the county now who would not be broken up for the day if he snapped a beam in that way!" Probably there is not.

Mr. Hyde recalls the first really good plow in this part of the country. It came from the shop where John Deere worked at Grand Detour. It was first class in every way, an honest piece of

work and satisfactory to its owner. "It was this honest workmanship that made John Deere's fortune," said Mr. Hyde. "It soon became known all through here that a John Deere plow was one that could be depended on. By 1846 quite a good many of them were in use here. Other good plows were brought here in the meantime from Cincinnati and sold well, but they were made during but a few years. The great trouble with the plows in those days was that in some soil they would not scour. The dirt would stick to the mouldboard and they would make a mark in the dirt that looked as though a log instead of a plow had been hauled through it. A plow that would scour anywhere would have a reputation over a whole neighborhood, and every man in that part of the county would be after it to borrow it. It would never have an idle day."

"And yet," said Mrs. Hyde, who sat placidly at her husband's side, aiding his memory and recalling things that happened and existed in the old days as he talked, "we were just as happy then as we are now. The people who settled here were not uneducated, shiftless, poor stock, and they did not come here as a last resort because they had no other place to go, and no relatives to keep them. Many of them were of the best families of the eastern states. Many of them were as well reared, as well educated and as cultured as any of their friends to be found in homes of refinement in the east. It was no uncommon thing for us to be able to give our eastern visitors genuine surprises when they chanced to drop in on us to see how we lived out here on the border. We showed them that it was as possible to entertain in a manner truly refined and elegant in a log cabin as it was in a residence. We had our plain, simple pleasures, enough for our wants, our freedom from petty cares and most of us had good health. We did not live then in an atmosphere of artificial wants and needs, but our wants were more nearly genuine, and they were really easier supplied, for most of us had the means at hand to do it. We enjoyed ourselves in those old days—but what is the use of me telling you all this? You have heard this thing said by every old settler in the country."

Mr. and Mrs. Hyde cordially agree that it is full time that some person with the time and the intelligence needful for the work set himself to the gathering of the reminiscences of the lingering pioneers, together with their pictures, and photographs of the early homes and school houses and churches of the county. Not many years of this opportunity remain. There are not many pairs of eyes in this county now that looked on the real beginning of things here. This is an opening for the person who has time and no use to make of it.

OLD SETTLERS ONCE MORE.

POEM READ BY ABEL BEACH AT THE ANNUAL REUNION,
AUGUST 1, 1894.

As we view the depths of ocean, casting waves upon the shore,
Bearing shells with jeweled fleeces—like the Argonauts of yore,
First we look around and wonder if along these sands of time,
Foot prints still are found, or echoes of some lingering golden chime.

Yea, to left and right I recognize, before me, pioneers,
Worthy patriarchs—aye, prophets, of the long remembered years,
When the chosen land they honored well rejoiced to see their day
By their efforts grand and glowing in the sunset parting ray.

Changed somewhat in form and features, halting step or falling sight;
But distinguished for achievements won—all brighter brought to
light.

Representing generations past, whose shadows kiss the sky,
Welcome once again; remember in your footsteps we are nigh !

Lo, beyond yon hazy background and dissimulating ridge,
With converging lines of life, I view a narrow, open bridge,
Hosts unnumbered scurry onward, passing thro' the yawning gate,
One by one with hurry, hasting, to resolve a final fate.

Serried ranks are widely scattered in grim cemeteries 'round,
Foremost pioneers and soldiers, side by side, at length have found
Final rest from toil and struggles in our Mother Earth of peace,
Where, in sacred soil of heroes, all their worldly labors cease.

Mythologic story tells us that from Dragon's teeth there sprung
Valiant men whose glory growing ever afterwards was sung;
So we trust, full-panoplied, the sons of heroes will arise,
Elevating men to spheres appropriate for earth or skies.

In the flowery field of romance dreams are realized in song,
Made elysian as some fairy nymphs the silken threads prolong
Half of life is seldom real; wild the wing of fancy sweeps,
Like a magic spell appropriate to us, but seldom keeps.

Who can say imagination, when allowed to wander free,
 Shall not find enchanted islands, bright as ever bathed by sea?
 Fairy scenes, wits elfin actors, luming night as bright as day,
 Sounding 'round the welkin echoes—borne on wings of wind away.

Come with me the while we're waiting; climb the summit of this
 hill;

Panoramic views reward enraptured visions at their will;
 Dimly gleams the vista of the past, now vanishing away,
 Brimming beams the bliss that ushers in a new and brighter day.

While some painted recollections mark the ever hallowed past,
 Greater acquisitions in majestic garb are seen at last,—
 Lightning, steam and latent powers, at length developed long concealed—

Day by day made patent plain, disclose their mystery—revealed.

What has been and more, the grasping future claims again can be;
 Ceaseless progress on progression marks our nineteenth century;
 And when all the ages, summoned, give concluding resume,
 Rare historic pages, hardly paralleled, will mark our day.

Open now the swinging portals of new centuries in view,
 Recognize the vast advancement—old retiring from the new.
 Better homes and health and harvests, safer railroads, brighter lights,
 Greater comforts, wealth, prosperity, that everywhere invites.

Nature, generous when favored, holds abundance in reserve;
 Sometimes free to scatter seeds and sometimes careful to conserve;
 Making marked improvements, scientific progress, constant gain:
 Favoring new improvements having worthy objects to attain.

May we not believe, too, when the scales are taken from our eyes,
 Men redeemed from sordid senses, can behold their brothers rise?
 Made fraternal, sound the praises of an age that's disenthralled—
 Make good will abound on earth, as well as found in heaven installed?

Now, Old Settlers, when Time's summons comes—as soon it must
 to all,

Let us prove as brave as any e'er responding to his call;
 Not ashamed to stamp our impression on age we helped to build,
 Proud of chance to vamp the fashion where high destiny is filled.

Listen! hear the echoes sounding from the valleys, plains and peaks!
 Fainter dying in the distance, one and then another speaks;
 Forty, fifty years or over tell of generations past,
 And the strongest hears announcement, "soon you, too, will be 'the last.' "

IN MEMORIAM.

Since the annual meeting, death has touched with his icy hand many of the older members of the organization. Of the number, Mrs. James Cavanagh and Mrs. David J. Wilson, by reason of the great age to which they had attained their long residence in the county, their social qualities and the grandeur of their lives are deemed worthy of special mention here.

SARAH GARVIN was born December 18, 1811, in Rockbridge county Virginia, her parents having died in her infancy, she was taken by her uncle and aunt to Ohio and there grew to womanhood. In 1834 she was married to David J. Wilson, in Delaware county, that state, and with him came to Johnson county in 1840, making their home at Carthage, in Scott township, where they lived and wrought for nearly fifty years. Having gained a competency they disposed of their farm and removed to Iowa City, where they passed in peaceful enjoyment their later years.

To them were born six daughters and three sons. Of the daughters Estaleva and Anna remained at home with their grand old father and mother. Mr. Wilson died in February, 1901. In early life Mrs. Wilson became a member of the Methodist church, in later years becoming convinced of the truth as taught by the Seventh Day Adventists she joined that denomination and died in that faith. With a warm-hearted friendship for all, and unswerving devotion to her family and home and a firm reliance that the righteous shall enter into their reward Mrs. Wilson lived. After a brief illness in the full use of her faculties her eyes closed upon the scenes of earth to reopen in the new Jerusalem. She died August 28, 1902, aged 90 years, 8 months and 12 days.

AMY KINNEY TOWNSEND was born May 6th, 1806, near Toronto, Canada, and when nine years old removed with her father's family

to Sandusky, Ohio. From Ohio they removed about 1825 to southwestern Michigan. She was married April 11th, 1830, to James Cavanagh, and in 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh and a family of five boys came to Iowa and settled on a farm near the Cedar river, five miles east of Solon in Johnson county. Here three more boys were born to them. They lived there until 1858 when they sold the farm and came to Iowa City, and acquired the homestead where she has since resided. In 1880 her husband, Judge James Cavanagh, died, since which time she has lived alone with her son Abram, who has been her constant companion, has waited upon her and nursed her through the many years of her helplessness with a filial devotion unsurpassed except by her own maternal devotion, that knew no limit through all the years of the rearing of her eight boys.

Of this family of eight sons only Matthew and Abram T. survive her.

There being no girls in the family, and living amid the hardships and privations of pioneer life, where female help was almost impossible to get, it can be readily understood what Mrs. Cavanagh's work must have been, particularly when it is understood that she was one of the best and neatest housekeepers of these pioneer days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh united with the Methodist Episcopal church when they lived on the farm, that being the only church in the neighborhood, and for years their home was a favorite stopping place for the ministers of that denomination, after one of whom one of their boys was named.

After coming to Iowa City they united with the Presbyterian church, mainly for the reasons that Mr. Cavanagh had been trained in that church, and Mrs. Cavanagh had been reared in the Quaker faith.

Such is a brief outline of this remarkable life, which has spanned nearly a century, she having lived to the advanced age of ninety-six years, four months and ten days. She was one of that noble band of pioneers, only a few of whom remain, who endured the hardships that are unknown today, and laid the foundations of the great state of Iowa.

Mrs. Cavanagh was a woman of most decided character, and among her chief characteristics were a devotion to principle that knew no compromise, a steadfastness of friendship for every one that knew no abatement, a faith in the bible and in Jesus Christ, he

Savior, that knew no misgiving, and an optimism that was ever unclouded.

On last Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 16, 1902, without disease and without pain, and while sitting in her chair, she quietly passed away in the abiding hope and faith of meeting her loved ones who had gone before, in a state of blissful immortality.

The funeral services were conducted at her late home, 803 Reno street, Iowa City, the Rev. Dr. Fellows of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Rev. Mr. Wylie of the Presbyterian church, officiating.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH BY REV. M. HANNON.

Having been ordained priest by the saintly Mathias Loras, the first bishop of Dubuque, on the 19th day of December, 1852, with Rev. Williams Emonds, we said our first masses, he at old St. Mary's, Dubuque, I being his only assistant. I said mass at the old Cathedral, having Rev. Emonds for an assistant. In those days the young priest had no solemn high mass, no sumptuous dinner, nor the accessories of the newly ordained priests of the twentieth century. After our first mass at Dubuque and attending vespers we had to walk back to Mt. St. Bernard's, the little seminary of the Dubuque diocese, with the beautiful snow knee-deep, the distance of six miles, all uphill, a prelude to our future missionary life of fifty years almost to date. If Rev. Emonds and the writer live we will celebrate our golden jubilee December 19, 1902. We remained at Mt. St. Bernard's until the eve of New Year, 1853, when the saintly Loras gave us our faculties and appointments; Emonds to be pastor at old St. Mary's, Dubuque, I to assist the Rev. J. P. McCormack at the old St. Mary's church, Iowa City.

During the first week of January, 1853, I arrived at Iowa City, and was gladly received by Father McCormack; who was in poor health and unable to attend the many calls of the Catholics of the city, Johnson, Linn, Cedar, Washington, Iowa, Poweshiek, Benton and all counties west to the Missouri river and north to the Minnesota line. There was a priest at Fort Des Moines for some time, but not then; a Father Plath, a worthy and pious and noble German

priest, who is long since at rest and now enjoying the rewards of his sacrifices and labors with our good Father in heaven.

In February, 1853, Rev. McCormack, with permission of the bishop, went to Ireland for his health, and on his return to Dubuque, September, 1853, was appointed pastor of the new St. Patrick's church and consequently never returned to Iowa City. Rev. McCormack was a cultured gentleman, a grand preacher of the word, kind and charitable to the poor, and much beloved by the entire diocese of Dubuque and particularly by the Catholics of Iowa City and surrounding missions. The Rev. McCormack took charge of the missions in and around Iowa City some time in the year 1849. He was born in the County Carvan, near Loughsheelin, Ireland, and there made his classical studies.

The pastor of Iowa City prior to Rev. McCormack was the Rev. P. F. Poiette, who had charge from 1847 to the advent of Rev. McCormack; died in New Orleans in the odor of sanctity some twenty years ago, having been pastor of St. Joseph's church for twenty years. The Rev. Poiette was one of the band of noble French missionaries who came with Bishop Loras to the Northwest Territory, which now includes Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas; and who helped to plant the cross on every promontory from the Gulf of Mexico to the Falls of St. Anthony. Future generations will do honor to their memories.

Prior to Rev. Poiette the church of Iowa City was visited by Bishop Loras, Father Cretian, who became first bishop of St. Paul, Father Pelamorgues, the second bishop-elect of St. Paul, who was the apostle of Davenport and adjacent territory, and who refused the bulls making him second bishop of St. Paul. Father Perdin, who was located at Garryowen, Jackson county, frequently visited the city and administered to the spiritual wants of the few Catholics prior to 1846.

I must not forget to mention the first great missionary of the northwest, who broke the bread of life to the first Catholics of Dubuque and vicinity, the venerable and saintly Father Mazzuchelle, who came there in 1837. He gave the plans of the old state house in Iowa City and said mass there frequently from 1841 to 1846.

He was the founder of the Dominican Sisters, whose mother house is at Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., and who are at the head of the grandest institution of learning in America, the mother prioress being Sister Emily, of the family name of Powers.

This is as near and as correct a history of St. Mary's church prior to my pastorate as can be written.

I came to Iowa City January 5, 1853, and after February of that same year had charge of Iowa City and all missions. There being no parochial house, I boarded with a Mrs. Myers, who kept a hotel directly south of the old state house, for six months and the bishop had to pay my board. Mrs. Myers left and I was kindly taken care of by that good and Christian lady, Mrs. P. P. Freeman, whose kindness I remember to this day and will to the last day of my life.

Dr. Wm. Vogt and his amiable wife took care of my bodily wants for some time, until the house was built and furnished, which was some time about September, 1854.

The missions and stations I attended during my pastorate, monthly, or I may say, occasionally, are: Old Man's Creek, now Holbrook; St. Michael's church, a little frame church built of boards whip-sawed in the wood. I said mass within before the floor was laid; had the beautiful snow for a carpet, a pine box for an altar; in fact, a place as forlorn as the stable wherein the Savior was born. There were no more than fourteen families all told. English River (the Schnoebelen settlement) had a little frame church, St. Sanislaus', built and paid for by Mr. Schnoebelen, on forty acres of land given by him. Many a time I rode out there, sixteen miles, on horseback, with a saddlebag dangling behind, after saying first mass in the city, and would not get breakfast until 3 o'clock p. m. A more hospitable man than Schnoebelen never lived. May God rest him. Richmond, St. Emmanuel, Washington county, was visited by me once, accompanied by Bishop Loras, who said the first mass in a private house, in the month of October, 1854. Solon, twelve miles from the city, where four Catholic families lived, was visited occasionally. In 1853-54 I said mass in Cedar Rapids. There were only four Catholic families in the city and vicinity. In the same year I said mass in Marion, where there were only two Catholic families. I was the first priest to say mass in those places, and frequently attended sick calls in Des Moines, Fort Dodge and Marengo, and as far south as Mount Pleasant. In the whole territory that I visited there were not more than eighty families.

The old St. Mary's had a basement divided into three apartments the entire south half being used for a school, a hall running from the east to the west side. At the north there were two divisions, one of which was not finished in my time; the other I occupied as a study and bed room, where I slept for more than eighteen months, the

good saintly Mrs. Doran, mother of Mrs. P. P. Freeman, making my bed, which was indeed a poor one, occasionally for the love of God.

During my pastorate the school was conducted first by Miss Ellen McCaddon; second, by Alexander Hill, a convert who I understand back-slided; third, by the good and saintly Martin Doran, a brother of Mrs. P. P. Freeman, all of whom I even to this day hold in the greatest and fondest recollection. And may God have mercy on their souls.

THE BELL.

The history of the bell, and indeed it is a very curious one, is long since lost in oblivion after so many long years. That's away in September, 1854. The good Bishop Loras was on one of his pastoral visits and was my guest for two weeks, looking after the spiritual and temporal wants of the Catholic people in the city and surrounding territory. I shall never forget that great, good and saintly man, the father and founder of the Catholic church in Iowa. I think if there was a saintly man on earth, and of that I have no doubt, he was one. As the bishop and myself were living in the house a teamster by the name of Gubbins, who lived in the city and hauled merchandise from and to Muscatine, as all things came in that way—we had no railroad—drove up to the church with the bell you ask about. The direction on the waybill was "St. Mary's Church, Iowa City, Iowa." As I had not ordered the bell and had no knowledge of its coming, we were completely taken by surprise. The bishop and people were very enthusiastic, and concluded some good Catholic had sent the bell as a present or as an ex-voto offering to the church. The freight bill from St. Louis to Iowa City, including the bill of Gubbins, amounted to \$18. A collection was taken up and freight paid. A day or two after the arrival of the bell a German by name of Hanert, a stranger to me and almost unknown in the city, came to the bishop and told him he ordered the bell and gave it to the church. The good bishop, with much ceremony, consecrated it, and gave it the name of St. Mary of the Assumption. Carpenters were employed, a bell tower twenty feet high erected, and a general jubilee followed, with many praises for the generous donor, Mr. Hanert. Now comes the surprise. Six months after the consecration of the bell I received a letter from the bellmakers in St. Louis informing me that the bell was sent by mistake to our town, but cast for Sacek City, Wisconsin; and belonged to the Catholics of that city.

Now what to do under these difficulties was the question. The bell was erected, consecrated and freight paid. The people of the congregation offered many prayers for the man Hanert, but not good ones. Hanert disappeared soon after and made himself very scarce, and I never saw him after.

The year 1855, before I left for Burlington, where the bishop changed me to, I made a collection and under many difficulties collected as much as paid for the bell, which still, I hope, holds me in memory.

Now with regard to the house which was built in 1854 in the north part of the lots near the alley. Four hundred dollars left by an old Irish bachelor, by name of Conley, helped to build the house. The money was left to Michael Freeman as executor in trust for that purpose. How much more was left I don't know, but I had much difficulty in collecting the balance, which was about \$700, from a few poor people. The total cost of the house, furnishing and building, with materials, was about \$1,100.

I left Iowa City the last of August, 1855, Rev. M. Mitchel, succeeding me, and I left without having as much money as would pay my fare to Burlington and as poor as when I came to the city and with a very poor wardrobe.

This is as much of a history as you could put in a nutshell. But a much larger history of recollections during my stay at Iowa City could be written.

The above is duly submitted at your request. The names of all the people, young and old, are as fresh in my mind today as they were forty-nine years ago.

ERRATA.

On page 16, second line from the top, for Atlantic, Iowa, read Atlanta, Ga.

Page 18, for Byron Dennis, read Bryan Dennis.

REQUIREMENTS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

All persons who are non-residents of Johnson county, who were residents of Iowa at the time of the adoption of the first state constitution for the state of Iowa are eligible to membership. All persons hereafter that have resided twenty years in Iowa and are residents of Johnson county, may become members by applying to the executive committee. Every member shall sign the constitution and pay to the treasurer fifty cents and thereafter twenty-five cents annually.

The Old Settlers Association of Johnson county was organized February 22, 1866.

President—DAVID SWITZER.

First Vice-President—F. M. IRISH.

Second Vice-President—ROBERT WALKER.

Treasurer—PETER ROBERTS.

Secretary—SILAS FOSTER.

Committee to Draft Constitution.	{	SAMUEL H. MCCRORY
		T. S. PARVIN
		E. W. LUCAS



